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Dallas—May 16 and 17.
Beaumont—May 13 and 14.
Houston—May 19 and morning of 11.
San Antonio—May 10 and morning of 11.
Galveston—May 10 and 11.
Austin—May 2, 3 and morning of 4.
El Paso—May 1 and 2. Rate \$18.95.
San Antonio—Morning of April 27.
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One of the best boarding houses in Bryan. The rooms are well furnished; the table is supplied with the best—properly prepared. \$1 day; \$5 week.

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Extra fine whiskies for family and medicinal purposes. Your patronage appreciated. E. ROHDE.

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3 quarter acre lots Cavitt's deer park. The trees are worth the price. Easy terms.

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THE BRAZOS FISH MARKET.

Is now open for business. We receive a daily shipment of Fresh and Salt Water Fish. Free delivery over the city each day at 6 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. So phone us your order before the wagon leaves the market so it will reach you on time. All orders amounting to 25lbs. and up will be quoted wholesale price. Yours for business, Phone 364. The Brazos Fish Market.

DR. R. H. HARRISON

Physician and Surgeon

Special Attention to Genito-Urinary Organs and Rectum. Residence Phone 136, Office Phone 66. Calls answered Promptly Day or Night.

Young's Impromptu.

To most persons Edward Young is the author of "Night Thoughts" and nothing more, but he was also a man of the world and a shrewd and caustic wit as well as the rector of St. Mary's church at Welwyn.

It was there in the garden of the rectory that he composed some of the best impromptu verses known. He was walking with two ladies when some one summoned him to the house. His companions were agreeable, and he was in no haste to leave them. Turning as he reached the gate, he said: Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven And thus disputed orders sent from heaven. Like him, I go and yet to go am loath; Like him, I go, for angels drove us both. Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind; His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

The Alternative.

"If the window had been eight feet from the ground," pouted the young wife, "instead of eight stories, I'd have thrown myself out when you quarreled with me. Then you'd have had to be sweet to me when you picked me up. A lot of wives attempt suicide, they say, just to be petted when they come to."

"Yes," said he, "but sometimes they don't come to, remember."—New York Press.

One For Every Day.

"I've been reading about one of them rich men who's got a suit of clothes for every day in the week," said one tramp to another.

"That's nothin'. So 'ave I. This is it I've got on now!"—London Globe.

His Precaution.

The Artist's Wife (in a whisper)—There's some one knocking. Jack. Shall I open the door? The Artist—No; it's Jabber's knock. It's a special knock I gave him, so I wouldn't let him in by mistake.—Life.

He Wanted to Know.

Johnnie—Mother isn't blind, is she? Pa—Of course not. What put that into your head? Johnnie—Mrs. Bowser, who was here today, said mother'd never see forty again.—Boston Transcript.

Not a Crack Shot.

"My aim is truth—always truth," said a man. "Possibly," rejoined an acquaintance, "but you were always a bad marksman!"

A man's fate lies in his character and not in his conditions.—Mable.

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DENTIST.

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One half block in south corner of town, four blocks from depot. Ten room house, bath room, servants house, stable, garden, shade trees, two cisterns, hydrants. 8-acre pasture two blocks from residence. Price for both \$2750.00.

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Bryan and Franklin, Texas. Will practice in county, state and federal courts. Special attention to business in Brazos and Robertson counties.

FOR SALE.

Bryan, Texas.

Franklin, Tex.

1476 acres of land in the Moses Hughes survey, near Edge. Price and terms reasonable.

Half acre of land with improvements, one block east of my home.

20 acres adjoining J. & M. College land on west side, near Providence church. Known as the George Platzer place.

120 acres, including Double Sulphur springs, on Navasota river.

V. S. HUDSON.

A Marvelous Cure.

It is related that once a German American, growing more and more afflicted with extreme nervousness, got the impression that he was forgetting English. The impression got so strong that he refused to talk anything but German. Then he became convinced that he was forgetting that, closed up like an oyster and was led away to a sanitarium, where he spent his days in complete silence.

A course of treatment was prescribed for him in which baths played an important part. Every morning the dumb German American was thrown bodily into a tub filled with very hot water, allowed to remain there awhile and then hauled out and set to cool on the piazza.

But once the sanitarium acquired a new attendant who got his signals mixed. He was told to bathe the German American. Filling a tub with ice cold water, he threw the patient into it.

"You —! You confounded —!" roared the dumb man, beside himself with fury. "You —!" Then he switched to German. "Du verfluchter Esel! Du —!"

The doctors pronounced him cured, and he left the sanitarium the next day.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Domestic Men.

Joe Jefferson used to tell this one:

"In the spring of 1892, being in the vicinity of West Swazey, N. H., I drove over to call on my old friend, Den Thompson. It happened that I called at an inopportune time, as the women folk were housecleaning. In fact, I noticed as I drove up to the house that the clotheslines in the yard back of the house were laden with carpets.

"Den was very anxious that I should look over his prize fowl, in which he took especial pride. We went out into the big yard back of the house. As Den was pointing out to me his favorites we noticed one old hen going through some queer antics. She was pecking away at something on the ground, lifting it in her bill and dropping it again.

"What's the matter with the old Biddy, anyway, Den?" I asked.

"Den was silent for a minute, then drawled out: "Well, you see, Joe, as she's a rather domestic sort of hen I callate the old girl must be getting ready to lay a carpet."—New York Telegraph.

Daintiness in Dough.

A west side family that abhors all products of the bakeshop advertised for a maid of all work.

"Can you make bread?" was the question put to each applicant.

Of all the maids who professed to own that accomplishment the mistress chose the one with the frailest hands and arms.

"I don't know about the wisdom of that choice," ventured a male member of the family. "Wouldn't it have been better to pick out a sturdier girl?"

"Not at all," said the lady. "What we require in this family, above all things, is good bread. We half live on bread. I am confident I have chosen a good breadmaker. A girl with rather delicate hands always makes better bread than one whose fists are like sledge hammers. Bread to be good needs to be coddled in the kneading. The light fingered do that instinctively, but the heavy handed slam and bang the very life out of the dough."—New York Globe.

Philosopher and Philanthropist.

"Coquelin was very charitable," said a theatrical manager. "He did more for supernumerated actors and actresses than any other man in France. I once heard him speak on charity in the French Actors' home, that he did so much for.

"There are plenty of philanthropists," said Coquelin. "There are plenty of philosophers—plenty, I mean, according to the definition that too many of us accept."

"He smiled grimly. "Too many of us," said Coquelin, "define a philosopher as one who bears with resignation the cold and hunger from which his neighbor is suffering, and too many of us define a philanthropist as one who gives away other people's money."

A Coy Maiden.

A girl played postoffice at a party and yelled and shrieked and howled and ran behind the door and scratched the young man's face in seven places, upset a lamp, kicked over the piano stool, and when he finally kissed her on the tip of the ear she fainted dead away and said she could never look anybody in the face again. They led the bashful, modest, gentle, sobbing creature home, and the next day she ran away with a married lightning rod peddler.—Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.

A Strong Reason.

"You always speak kindly to your wife?" said the prying friend. "Always," answered Mr. Meekton. "I never think of giving Henrietta a harsh word."

"Because you believe in ruling by gentleness?" "No. Because self preservation is the first law of nature."—Washington Star.

Military Valor.

I wonder is it because men are such cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?—Thackeray.

No Such Good Luck.

Nervous Old Lady (for the seventh time)—Oh, captain, is there any danger—shall I be drowned? Exasperated Skipper—I'm afraid not, ma'am.—London Fun.

Proved His Theory, but Died.

The acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a number of years ago at Lebanon, O. Two men had a personal encounter. One of them after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder. The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the lining of the pocket, and that the prisoner's shot had not taken effect. The prosecution contended that such a wound could not have been self inflicted. The defendant's counsel, Clement L. Vallandigham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound. Suddenly there was a loud report, and the lawyer sank to the floor. The ball had entered the back almost in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot. The defendant was acquitted. Mr. Vallandigham died.—Exchange.

Westminster Abbey's Poets' Corner.

Turning from King Henry's chapel, with its wealth of fancy's "fairly frost work," to the poets' corner in Westminster abbey, we are attracted by a spell mightier than that of carved stones in the presence of those "serene creators of immortal things" who have enriched our literature with gifts beyond all price. This "glorious company of paupers," as they have been termed, says a writer in Great Thoughts, have won a fame in the glow of which that of statesmen and warriors wanes and perishes, "touched to death by diviner eyes." Drawn together, as it were, by the spell of Chaucer, "our first warbler," what Spenser calls "black oblivion's rust" has failed to tarnish their golden record. We move entranced amid the memorials of Dryden, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Milton, Gray, Addison and many more, including the impassioned peasant singer, Robert Burns, and the great Victorians, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson.—London Standard.

Encouragement.

"I have a splitting headache," sighs the beautiful young thing.

"Have you ever tried magnetic healing?" asks the obliging young man.

"No. What is it?"

"You rest your head, thus, on my shoulder, and I pass my arm about your waist in this manner. Now be perfectly calm and see if this does not relieve you."

The position is maintained for five or ten minutes, and then the obliging young man asks:

"Does your head ache any more?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, I'm sorry I don't seem able to relieve you."

He is about to remove his arm when she looks up at him chidingly and says:

"It seems to me that if you have any confidence in your method you would be willing to keep on trying."—Chicago News.

Why She Shut Down.

"A charming gentleman about four years old used to pass my house every day on his way to kindergarten," said a lady, "and in course of time I made his acquaintance and gave a penny to him each morning when we parted.

"Eventually his mother requested me not to give any more money to him. The next morning I did not present the usual penny. He did not seem to notice the omission. The succeeding day when the penny was not given to him he said nothing. But on the morning of the third day when the penny was not forthcoming he sidled up to me and whispered: 'What's the matter? Ain't your husband working?'"

Uncertainty of Lion Hunting.

A lion is a fearful animal. Do not run away with the idea that he is not dangerous. You may have luck to kill twenty, but No. 21 will likely get you. However careful and good a shot you may be, there is the greatest danger in tackling a lion. I remember Colonel H., who had lived in Africa for blue years and during that time had never seen a lion, and the first lion he saw he wounded and got badly mauled, saying to me: "Here, man; you have been here only sixteen months and have killed five lions. Chuck it, man, while you are in luck. They are bound to get you if you go on hunting them."—Forest and Stream.

Practical.

Elderly Gentleman (putting his head in at the door)—Mrs. Wilkins, will you be my wife? I have £2,000 and a good home. I'll give you three minutes to make up your mind.

Mrs. Wilkins (promptly)—I've £3,000 and a better house than yours, and I'll give you three minutes to get out of this.—London Tit-Bits.

The Whole Story.

"I hear you are giving up your charge," said one aged and infirm minister to another the other day. "How are your people taking it?"

"Oh, well," was the answer, "I'm resigning and they're resigned."—Liverpool Mercury.

Bright and Hot.

"Smith got off a bright thing the other day."

"What was it?"

"A lighted cigar some one had carelessly dropped into the chair he sat on."—London Fun.

Disgusted.

Loafer the First—I thought this yere unemployed fund was for charity. Loafer the Second—So it is, ain't it? Loafer the First—It ain't. It means work.—London Sketch.

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PEDIGREE—Jim Hurt, foaled 1905, sire, Judge Hurt, 0151. Dam, Doremas Doll by Petitioner, 10535.

At 18 months he made a mile in 2:22. 16 hands high, weight 1100 pounds, dark bay, black mane and tail. Perfectly formed, 4 years old on April 23d, 1909.

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